

There is not an hour of youth, but is trembling with destinies—*Ruskin*.

"There never was on age when men could not be heroes—You can be a hero now if you will, if you pay the price of it.

What it means to be a hero—To toil when the head aches, to be so lonely and never complain, to go strait ahead when the heart breaks, and do the duties of life just as they come to us."

A noble life is the best answer to slanderous tongues.

What is home? The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity."

We unconsciously form our estimate of people by little things.

"Lord, You don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men who took your life." "Yes" says the Lord, "Go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners: I can imagine him saying: 'Go and hunt up that man who put the cruel crown of thorns on my brow and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in My kingdom without a thorn in it.'"

A kind action may cost but a moment efforts and perhaps soon be forgotten by the doer, but may save a life to usefulness and virtue.

"Help the weak, if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
If you're angry hold your tongue,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
In each duty lies a beauty."

The Home

What Wins

The world has full many a hero;
Go read what those heroes have done,
And you'll find that tho oft they were baffled,
They kept up their courage and won.
They never lost courage in failure,
Giving up, as the weak-hearted will,
But said: "We will try and keep trying,
And conquer all obstacles still."

And this they have done the world over.
Their tasks were accomplished at last
By often-repeated endeavor.
The young oak may bend to the blast,
But it springs to its place when it passes,
And grows to new strength every day,
And in time it stands firm in the tempest
Whose wrath whirls the tall pines sway.

Defeat makes a man more persistent,
If the right kind of courage be his;
He determines to conquer, and does it,
And this is what heroism is.
Strive on with a patient endeavor;
The steadfast of purpose will win.
Defeat comes to-day, but to-morrow
May usher the grand triumph in.

—Selected.

Sorry He Was Ashamed

Selected.

Willie was ashamed. He hung his head and blushed. A rude boy had laughed at him, and said, "Oh, you're a church member!" At night Willie's mother told him

some stories about Paul, and he said, "I like him; he was brave." Then his mother opened the Bible and read what Paul wrote about not being ashamed of the gospel. "I am sorry I was ashamed," said Willie. "I will hold up my head next time as bravely as Paul did."

True Gentleman

Selected.

"I beg your pardon!" and with a smile and touch of his hat, Harry Edmon handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys."

"I'm glad to hear it," and, lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates.

"What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked Charley Gray. "He is old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawls vegetables thru the streets."

Self-Pity

Forward.

Self-pity is a deadly thing. Whatever crosses our life may hold whatever unwelcome tasks, uncongenial associations, griefs or burdens are ours, let us not fall into the habit of self commiseration. It is a habit easily, almost unconsciously, formed, and it will grow until it crowds out courage, usefulness, and sometimes even reason itself. The soul brooding over its own bitterness loses all power of discrimination, and sees all things in a distorted light. Every commonplace happening becomes a peculiar misfortune, and troubles, which are indeed "the common lot of all," are regarded as unique and unequaled.

Face your trials honestly, call them by their names, but utterly refuse to sit down with them, as Job did with his friends for any long bemoaning. Suffer you must, but you need not brood. Give your sympathy to others, but fight as for your life against the luxury of self-pity.

A Mother's Mistake

Sunday School Times.

In the long ago a woman found herself upon her deathbed even before she had reached that time which is called the youth of old age. She was the mother of several children and, as she thought upon the loneliness into which a few hours would plunge them, she spoke out of her heart in tones of deep sadness.

"I feel that I am leaving my sons and daughters," she said to a watcher at the bedside, "as paupers upon the world—mendicants for love and sympathy. I have lived a selfish life. I have not done for other children those things I could wish done for mine.

And now I am leaving them without having earned for them, thru ministrations, and deeds of kindness, any words of affection."

In the confession of this one mother is there not a thought for those other mothers among us who consider their whole duty done if the needs of the home circle have been attended to with faithfulness.

True Wisdom

Exchange.

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly around, and who can say within himself, "I shall to-day be uppermost?" We should hold the immutable mean that lies between insensibility and anguish; our attempts should not be to extinguish nature, but to repress it; not to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavor to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Bread on the Waters

Selected

"When Mary and I were married, we were both young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—but our money failed us before we got the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. —, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied us; half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters: they never looked just right before.

"The tables are turned with Mrs. — and me now; she has turned a poor widow; but she will never want while I have anything—never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face; "I don't forget those old chairs!"

Ah! now the secret was out. It was the interest of the old chairs which maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest of a little friendly act done years before, and it sufficed for herself and her daughter.

Sisters' S. C. E.

From the Field

Now that Conference is near we'll want a few thots preparatory to our coming together. God has blessed your labors during the past year, and your home church has received special help from your society in paying the pastor's salary and in keeping the church in repair. How much stronger spiritually you yourselves have been made, your own